

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 9.

LITTLE WOMEN.

BY J. A. SMITH.

In a little process what splendor meets
The eye!
In a little lamp of amber how much of sweetness
Is there!
No in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—A word unto the
wise.
A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every
dish.
More than all other condiments, although 'tis
sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win
her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not
find within her.
And as within the little rose you find the richest
dye,
And in a little grain of gold much price and
value lies.
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
No in a little woman there is a taste of paradise.
Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color and price and virtue in the clearness of its
rays—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.
The skylark and the nightingale, though small
and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the
birds that sing.
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom
in spring.
The magpie and the golden thrush have many
a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little
throat—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow
coat—
And such a little woman is when Love doth
make her do.
There's naught can be compared to her through-
out the wide creation.
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest con-
solation—
No cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all
vexation.
In her, she's better in the proof than in anti-
pation.
If, as her size increases, are woman's charms
decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great
released.
None of the evils choose the less—said a wise man
of the East.
By consequence of woman-kind be wiser choose
the least.



"Ah! Captain Gordon, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not recognize." It was Mrs. Danvers who spoke at last, in a low, unsteady tone.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE! OR, THE STOLEN HEIRESS!

By Mary E. Woodson,

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

"It was far enough away, I know, across two seas and half a continent; but with my unprepossessing face before you, can you not yet recall?" murmured Captain Graham, in soft, persuasive accents. "Does your present happiness so completely efface from your memory all recollection of Miss Miriam Roscoe, Madame Dupre and the old days at Cairo?"

Very slowly the color came back to Miriam Danvers' face. They who observed could plainly detect that the associations of this man, which he himself had recalled, had been by no means pleasant to her. Some of them had pleased that she had not been wealthy when Eugene Danvers lifted her from her low state by marriage; and this, they felt assured, must be one of the acquaintances of her less prosperous days, of whom in her present position, she must feel somewhat ashamed.

But on the other hand, he too was exquisitely dressed—a handsome man, certainly, to those who regard form rather than expression, and in his whole bearing had assumed a manner of polite and easy patronage towards her.

He now smiled in mischievous amusement at her visible trepidation, and glanced around at the observers with a look that said plainly, "You see through this. She feels my power, and I shall force her to express it."

"Ah! Captain Gordon, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not recognize." It was Mrs. Danvers who spoke at last, in a low, unsteady tone.

Eugene was standing close at hand, with an expression of surprise and interest on his handsome face.

"Captain Gordon was my *som de guerre*," said the stranger, still with the set smile that displayed his dazzlingly white teeth. "I had forgotten that as such I was alone known to Madame Dupre. You see, sir, when we enter a foreign army we know not what disasters of war may befall us, and hence we generally assume an *alias*, that if the worst should come, our friends may be at least in some uncertainty as to our fate. Such were my motives when she knew me as Captain Gordon. Since returning to my own country I have, of course, resumed my paternal cognomen."

"You are then a native of America?" said Eugene.

"Ah, yes."

"And you have been absent quite a while?"

"Ten years, with the exception of a few brief visits here."

"You do not dread the ocean as I did

then?" said Miriam, rousing herself with an effort.

"Oh, no! I enjoy it. There is something pleasant to me in perpetual agitation. If a choice could be had between a battle on land and a storm at sea, I think it should be given to the latter. I prefer a home in the deep, deep sea to the horrors of a graveyard any time; but we grow gloomy. Any reached here to-day, Madame, I am informed?"

"Only to-day."

"I was at the depot when the train came in, and you may imagine my surprise when I recognized you. I readily learned your destination, but imagined you had been here quite a while, and were to-day only returning from some short trip."

"No, as I said, this is my first evening here."

"Travel has, if possible, improved you, Mrs. Danvers; you never looked better. We were quite surprised to hear of your marriage, though I suppose we ought not to have. Your life, like my own, has been a changing and eventful one, has it not?"

"Far more so than I would ever have chosen, had I been arbiter of my own destiny," she answered, with an accent akin to bitterness. "You gentlemen may be fond of the vicissitudes of active life; but to a woman's heart there is greater peace even in the quiet of the desert. The storms of Fate have been ever about me, until I long, oh! so intensely for the calm."

Those who were near enough to catch the plaintive tone of her voice, were painfully startled at the contrast which it presented to the silvery laughter and artificial gaiety of half an hour before. She had lifted her eyes to Captain Graham's face, and he, too, seemed to be softened.

"I am afraid I recall unpleasant associations to Mrs. Danvers," he said, half to her and half as an explanation to Eugene. "The first time I ever saw your lady—Madame Dupre then, the lady of our gallant colonel—was at one of the French outposts down on the Nile, when that part of our army was besieged by a host of Arabs and Bedouins. The strife was hand to hand, and bloody in the extreme, but the Arabs numbered ten to one, and our small band was about precipitately to retreat, when our colonel became aware that the quarter in which he had left his lady and her attendants with a guard had already been cut off by the barbarians. Never from the throats of human beings was heard such shouts, as then broke from our squadron. The colonel placed himself at their head—the lightning fairly flashed from his eyes, and every man swore to aid him in the rescue, or to sell his life upon the spot."

As is often the case, a fierce determination in the breast of a few overcame the multitude battling without momentarily specific cause. It was there that the colonel received his first wound. Oh, he was a gallant gentleman! And it was there, I think, Madame, that you likewise renewed your acquaintance with the Portuguese family to which Nina De Costa belonged?"

"Yes."

She had asked him no questions of old friends yet.

"She remembers you still, with unabated affection. Her mother, I am sorry to say, died about four months since."

"Ah!" This time it sounded like a sigh of relief.

"Yes, and Miss De Costa, like so many others of those fiery natures from the south of Europe, was well nigh mad, as indeed half the world still believes her to be. She is married, also."

"Married? And to whom?" Miriam's tone had, unconsciously to herself, become quick and eager.

"To Captain Lennox."

"My God!"

This exclamation broke sharply from the lips of the quiescent Mrs. Danvers, whom none could have supposed that an earthquake could so astound when they had seen her first this evening.

"Ah, forgive me," said Captain Graham, in a slow, deliberate tone. "Did he wish to recall her to her habitual presence of mind?"

"I forgot that you are a lady of gentle, sympathetic temperament, and that these strange, disastrous contempts of a border life, must strike you with little less than horror. You think that Nina De Costa had better have destroyed herself at once! I quite agree with you, but they seemed to think otherwise. They fancied that they had together a purpose to work out. Will you favor me with a promenade of a few moments around the rooms?"

Mrs. Danvers arose from the seat, excused herself briefly to the gentlemen around her, and to Eugene, and passed her arm through that of the stranger. As she approached the door, she grew a shade paler on observing that the eyes of Mr. Philip Danvers were fastened intently upon her.

"Pray, be composed," whispered Captain Graham, "you are manifesting more agitation than I had ever thought it possible for you to do. Far more than is good for you, if you will believe I can advise you for your own interests. Ah, now you lift your head with something of the old haughty look that won for you the title of 'queen of hearts' in the camps. Which way shall we turn?"

"To death, if you will! I would end it, at once."

"My dear lady, you are rash. A thing I never did expect. I have too unnatural a horror of death to wish to send any of my friends that way. Life, under any circumstances, would be preferable, and you have it here, with all that could render existence desirable. You were looking so happy when I came in, too. I am afraid the best of us are ungrateful creatures. Glance around at these people here. Do you imagine that any of them are entirely happy? Your knowledge of human nature will tell you better. They each have their skeleton in the closet, and, honestly, I think they must be as bad to look at as I am."

"Let us turn into the conservatory to the right."

"Ah, how that sounds like the woman of business that you always were. Why will you never look upon me as your friend? It is to our mutual interests to protect each other."

"I have placed myself beyond the need of protection from others," she said, a momentary anger flashing from her eyes. "And why can not you, a strong man, do the same? Do you seek it from me?"

"Softly, Mrs. Danvers. You are not at all yourself this evening. You are generally quiet, even by us, as a pattern of discretion. Let me see, there is no one here, so we can sit or walk as we will, and have nothing to interrupt us."

"What will my husband say?"

"Now that is too shallow," and Captain Graham laughed—a laugh of cruel amusement. "Have I not talked with him for fully fifteen minutes, and do I not see that he is innocently asleep?"

"You are compromising me with others."

"Fah! They will hardly take me for your lover. You did not seem quite glad enough to see me for that."

"Why have you hunted me down?"

"Most natural thing in the world. I pride myself on my cleverness, and I couldn't bear for you to think that you had outgeneraled me. It was a sharp thing in you to entrap this innocent young nabob—very sharp. Do you think I did not suspect it, when our gallant colonel lay—"

"Hush! For the love of God, hush!"

"Well, I was simply answering a question. I will take another form. You asked me why I did not put myself in a position where I need not ask aid of others, as you have done. Let the mirror in front of us tell you. Do you not see that it has endowed you with gifts which few mortals in this world ever possess. If I had beauty or talents comparable to yours, don't you suppose I would have sold them, as you have done? Heaven was less kind, and hence I am here."

"What do you want?"

"Can you ask me that when you think of your present position and look around you?"

"I was a fool to do so. You mean to have money."

"What a hard mistress is necessity! This is an awkward subject between people surrounded as we are, is it not?" he exclaimed.

"For heaven's sake have done with foolishness, and tell me how much you want, and on what conditions you are to receive it?"

"I leave you to name the conditions," said the Captain, gallantly. "They are always sweet from a woman's lips."

"Where are Captain Lennox and his wretched wife?"

"They are here."

"Here?" and she looked around with a shudder.

"I mean in the city," replied her companion, coolly. "But if you will believe me, and I have told you a dozen times they know nothing of the Colonel's—ahem! I am very careless. I mean they know nothing that can materially affect your position here. They suspect, but are themselves encompassed by too many difficulties, not to be especially guarded in all matters where they would invoke the aid of the law. No, the little trouble at which I do but hint is known only to you and myself, and we may have it buried with us. What could I gain by spreading it broadcast here?"

This was certainly true, and Miriam began to recover her accustomed sang froid.

"I should undoubtedly have to exchange pistol shots with your adoring lord, and though I am a fine shot, I might get a bullet for my pains. On the other hand, if ever I admired a man for his cool, invincible bravery, that man was Louis Reynard Dupre, your late husband; and hence I think you should respect my feelings, and be willing to aid a friend for whom the world has not wagged so easily as for yourself."

"You want money?"

"Ay! But why repeat the question? You yourself have said it, and there is something grating to fine nerves—something cold, almost brutal, in the blunt English."

"Then hear me. My husband's father had fancied me to be the daughter of famous Hunter Roscoe until to-day, and was astounded, on my arrival, to find me only a distant cousin, and a widow at the time of his son's marriage. There were two Douglas Roscoes, as you know. My father was well known to this Philip Danvers, and it would seem that he had heard more of his daughter as Madame Louis Dupre, than I would ever have supposed it possible for him to do. His reception of me was positively charming. The first Colonel Reynard Dupre he also knew of. Now he fancies me the child of that other Douglas Roscoe, and the wife of the first colonel. He must not be undecieved, or the consequences might be fatal to me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes," answered Graham, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But the incomprehensible thing to me is that you knew the whole history of this Danvers family before you had met one of them, and that your husband is, even to this day, so ignorant of yours."

"That is my own affair," she answered bitterly. "A point which it could avail you nothing to know. I told him that I was very poor, and had known some privations in my youth, and he was content not to look farther back than Colonel Reynard Dupre, of whose valor all were ready to speak."

"You should have worn widow's weeds for so gallant a man longer than six months. It was there that you surprised us all. Is your rather pompous papa-in-law apprised of that?"

"In heaven's name, no!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I would hardly be supposed to tell him, and Eugene will not do so unless obliged. But, tell me, do you agree to my arrangement?"

"For what you will. Name your price."

"Ah! have you so much funds in hand already?"

"No," she answered, remembering with whom she had to deal. "I have very little; but I can risk all things, and obtain it from my husband, if you will only promise never to come here again, or to hold communications with any member of this family."

"There would be an additional sacrifice to see you again, for you know how even the most insensible of men must admire you."

"Peace!" she exclaimed, with growing impatience. "Of what avail to me or yourself will your admiration be, do you think? Ah! Miles Gordon, I know you; you love nothing in this wide world but money."

"A remarkable resemblance between us there, is it not?"

"This interview has been protracted too long," interrupted Miriam. "Will you come to terms, or not? Remember, as I said, that you are not to come here again. I shall rely on your word, for it is said that there must be some honor, even among thieves. If any exigency should possibly arise, rendering it necessary for you to hear from me in the future, you will send some messenger; the sight of you maddens me."

"How very flattering you are."

"I mean it, from the bottom of my heart. How much?"

"Well, since you will have me come to business, I need ten thousand dollars at once. I could wait six months, perhaps, for another ten."

"Man, are you mad?" she cried, aghast. "Do you think a woman could demand such a sum of money of her husband, in this country, and dispose of it without his knowledge, unless she excites his lasting suspicion and displeasure?"

"You complained of a waste of time just now. This is nothing else. A lady with half your talents could manage that. You will require nothing easier."

"And yet it is more money than, perhaps, either you or I ever saw, before chance sent me here."

"Chance! See how you underestimate your talents. You should be cautious—fortune may seek to be avenged on you."

"Let it come. I am desperate."

"You will think differently to-morrow. Considering your means and my necessities, you cannot regard my conditions as very hard," he pleaded.

"They are such as I fear I shall never be able to meet. How long will you give me?" she asked, sharply.

"Three days."

"Impossible!"

"I hear some one coming. One week."

"Give me a card with your address; you shall have the money, if I am alive."

"Ah! I thought you would be reasonable. Here is my card. You may rest perfectly assured. We had best go back now."

He was walking at her side, chatting gaily, and examining some rare exotic, when one or two other couples entered; and soon afterwards they returned into the crowded parlors.

Eugene was anxiously on the alert.

"My dear Miriam, you are pale. I hope your friend has brought you no distressing intelligence."

"He has recently seen some old acquaintances of mine; and his accounts of them were by no means pleasant. But let us change the subject, you know it is my habit instinctively to shrink from disagreeable thoughts or topics of conversation."

"With all my heart, though I shall have to surrender you again. I have still some friends who are importuning me to present them. We will find seats just here."

While a number of strange men were again wondering at her strange loveliness and bowing in unfeigned homage before her, the eyes of Mr. Philip Danvers had followed her searchingly.

"She is painfully disturbed in spite of the superhuman efforts at self-control which she is making," he muttered, under his breath. "My life on it that this brigand could furnish me, within the hour, with all the information that I desire. He is not above the inducements of a bribe either, or I have no knowledge of human nature. At any rate I can find out with half an hour's trouble."

Just then Captain Graham stood in front of him, an absorbed spectator, his eagle eye wandering over the moving throng about him. He evidently had not an acquaintance there.

"A point which it could avail you nothing to know. I told him that I was very poor, and had known some privations in my youth, and he was content not to look farther back than Colonel Reynard Dupre, of whose valor all were ready to speak."

"You should have worn widow's weeds for so gallant a man longer than six months. It was there that you surprised us all. Is your rather pompous papa-in-law apprised of that?"

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"There would be an additional sacrifice to see you again, for you know how even the most insensible of men must admire you."

"Peace!" she exclaimed, with growing impatience. "Of what avail to me or yourself will your admiration be, do you think? Ah! Miles Gordon, I know you; you love nothing in this wide world but money."

"You have a bad opinion of human nature," said the captain, showing an unusual number of his teeth.

"Alas! that I have lived so long. I

know it, sir," replied Mr. Danvers, sternly. "How much did the offer?"

"You are unreasonable, sir, you assume a case and expect me to deal with it as a fact."

"I reason from circumstantial evidence, sir," said the attorney, "and you are not a lawyer. Now see if I have not read you right. I am not afraid to speak before your bump of cantion is abundantly developed. The woman in the next room is the daughter of Douglas Roscoe, the convict in Australia; and the widow of that Louis Dupre who—"

"Pray let me remind you," said Captain Graham, "that you are discussing your family matters to an entire stranger to you. I know—"

"You know what I have said," interrupted Mr. Danvers. "Now if you are bought off, it must be at a very considerable price, or I shall be likely to know it and interfere. It might be better worth your while to sell your information to me."

"You are very kind. Such as I have may not be of the nature you imagine, and might, therefore, appear valueless to you when purchased."

"Yet you have it for sale. Come," said Mr. Danvers, "there is no need of equivocation between us. You know her whole history. I saw that by your manner and hers when you were together. What it is, exactly, I cannot tell at present, but I shall know soon. Now hear me. If you possess any evidence that could enable me to free my son from these hateful bonds, I have the means to make you a richer man than you have ever dreamed of being."

"Your son's thralldom seems to be very pleasant to him, at least."

"Yes, I know. I know in the hands of Douglas Roscoe, the convict in Australia, the wealth she would destroy him without mercy. I would know her by her resemblance to her mother. But you have not replied to me. I said that I would make you rich."

"What would you call rich, sir, for me?"

"You had better let me ask that question, Captain Graham. How would you like a sum of fifty thousand dollars to become an honest man on?"

"So well," replied Graham, eagerly, his eyes flashing fire, "that I could get up any amount of reliable evidence, whether one iota of the facts had ever existed or not."

"Do you think I would desire to purchase false evidence?" cried Mr. Danvers, angrily. "I would only save him from the truth."

"I promise you it shall be true."

"When can I see you, then?"

"When you will. To-morrow, at twelve."

"So be it. Where?"

"It was last night. I—"

"Name your own rendezvous, then."

"If you would condescend to come to my room—"

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turnist has described it. Indeed, the little animal seemed more overjoyed, if possible, from the warmness of the sun than from the cold of the wind. He looked up at the sky with a look of intense interest, his head tilted back and his eyes fixed on the sun.

"What, I feel?" cried the woman, sharply, "getting out, already? You have no spirit, Poco, none, none. I am ashamed of you; but I'll not leave you behind, easing you off to die, because my wishes of my strength keep me ahead of you. No, let them see as they will, a woman can never grow old. Different is the object she has one loved—she is old. They may—"

"I am not old," said the woman, "I am only a woman who has loved and is loved. They may—"

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pose. Leave me alone, I tell you; I am broken down, and must sleep."

"You were so strangely familiar to me," said the man, with a shudder that did not seem to come altogether from the cold, though that was intense. "I have some doubts as to whether you must drink wine, and since you cannot stay here, I must take you on with me."

"The woman drank, spasmodically, from the bottle's mouth, when, as the warmth quickly diffused itself through her body, she started to her feet."

"You are my good angel," she cried. "You have saved me from death, and I did not want to die. Will you tell me your name?"

"Yes, because I cannot help thinking, strange as it would be, that we are smothering under wrongs inflicted by the same hand, and that we are pressing on towards the same end, for retaliation. In that other world, where the waters yonder, did you ever know a man who called himself Caspar Lennox?"

"Caspar Lennox?" shrieked the woman. "Ah! now I know that the spirits of another world are about me. The Caspar Lennox that I knew died years ago—five of them, I think, though to me it seems a century—died despairing and broken hearted, that Lennox Danvers performed the wealthy and aristocratic Arnold Leslie to himself, the poor and unloved lover, who had first won the promise of her hand. And it was I—"

"I did help me—that aided in urging her to the course she took, fancying, fool that I was, that it was she who was enticed by Louis Dupre from me."

"Then you are Nina Da Costa, the schoolmistress of the woman I loved," said the man, sternly, "and likewise the enemy of the woman I shall hunt down through the whole earth."

"I am Nina Da Costa," she replied, in a tone of exaltation. "Nina Da Costa still, though hunger, and cold, and wretchedness that would have killed any other woman the world has ever seen. Are you—can you be Caspar Lennox in flesh and blood?"

"She had risen, and stood in the darkness, with one hand upon her arm, peering under this corner shadow, but all covered with snow, if she might but catch one glimpse of the face that she had so much reason to remember. Either the darkness was too great, or the film over her eyes had dimmed her vision, for she raised her other hand and passed it over her dark, unshaven face."

"Ah, I know you now," she exclaimed, shrugging back. "You are, indeed, of all the world the man I most dreaded to meet."

"You have no cause to fear me," answered Lennox, moodily. "There are others whom I have hated as intensely that the stranger passion has, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest. Your part in the tragedy of my life was nothing. One woman's influence over another is seldom great where men are concerned. You may think to bias your friend, but she follows the best of her own nature. I am not a man to be easily misled."

"You are not a man to be easily misled," answered Lennox, moodily. "There are others whom I have hated as intensely that the stranger passion has, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest. Your part in the tragedy of my life was nothing. One woman's influence over another is seldom great where men are concerned. You may think to bias your friend, but she follows the best of her own nature. I am not a man to be easily misled."

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A FAIRY STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MYRTLE BLOOMER.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who, reading fairy-tales at twilight, was so delighted with the wonders thereof, that he cried out, "I do wish I lived in the times when there were fairies."

And he thought so much about it that he grew quite unhappy, and did nothing but wish that he could see a fairy.

One night, as for the hundred and fiftieth time he was saying something of the sort, he met his cousin Oliver, and feeling very cross, they presently got into a quarrel. Up went his little fist, and he dealt Oliver a tremendous whack on the ear—that is, he intended to do so, for instead he gave himself such a box that his ears rang again.

"You might as well give over," said Oliver, laughing with all his might. "My fairy godmother has promised me that, for the next year, whoever tries to strike me shall hurt themselves."

But at that our little boy was so enraged that he rushed at Oliver with all his force. Oliver stepped on one side, and down went our boy, taking the skin off his knees, and making his nose bleed, while his cousin ran away, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Bob—for that was our little friend's name—lay on the ground a long while, he was so stunned and bruised; and when at last he managed to limp off, it was very nearly night. Of course, he walked slowly enough; but at last he came to the great forest, on the other side of which stood his father's house. It was very dark in there, under the great trees, whose branches touched each other, and were so thick with leaves that the little there was left of daylight could not find its way through them; but Bob heard on all sides a great pattering of feet and chattering of tongues; and looking closer, he saw that the forest was full of ugly little creatures about a foot high, with humped backs, green eyes, and hideous snarling faces. They were constantly coming up through the earth and going down again; and looking after them, Bob saw millions of them come down, down so deep that he could hardly guess how far it might be; and, worse than that, many little children like himself—who appeared to be slaves among them. These poor children were continually piling up heaps of gold and silver, and washing out diamonds from lumps of earth; and though they worked with wonderful swiftness, the ugly goblins who watched them, whip in hand, were continually lashing them, and crying out, "Will you be quick now! Will you be quick now! Do you suppose we keep you here and feed you to have you go to sleep over our work!" and then they would beat them again.

While Bob looked at these poor little unfortunates, he heard one of the goblins saying:

"Brothers, look! Here is another of these wretched creatures that they call boys. Let us make him a slave also, to teach him better than to come in the twilight into our forest."

"Yes, yes," cried all the others. "Let us seize him; let us cling about his legs; let us pound him, pull his hair, bite him, scratch him, till he can help himself no longer, and then we will take him down below."

And with that they all came swarming towards him; but on hearing of these kind intentions, Bob started at once to run, and having a reasonably good pair of legs, made such excellent use of them that the dwarfs were presently far behind and he safe out of their clutches, at the expense only of a few scratches and kicks, which they had managed to bestow on him. He was so frightened, however, that he continued to run with all his might, till he ran headlong into a great tangle of yam, when, looking to see what this might mean, he spied an old woman sitting at her spinning-wheel. She was so ugly that he was obliged to shut his eyes after looking at her, and being in such a passion, made her none the more beautiful.

"You miserable, nasty little creature," she cried; "you have tangled my yarn again, just as I had got it straight. Never mind, I'll have you for supper to-night."

So she took him down to her cellar, and tied him on a hook by one of his curls, and all around the cellar was a row of hooks, and boys and girls hanging thereon, and one cried, "Oh dear! oh dear! I am to be done in a fricassee; and another, "Oh! good gracious, I am to be boiled;" and so on, till Bob was stiff with fright; but it happened that the hook on which he hung was not firm in the wall, and he being a very stout boy, down he came on the floor with a thump.

The very moment that he got on his legs, away he ran out at the door; and as the witch happened to be dosing in her chair, he slipped past her without being seen. Running, however, with all his might to get quite out of her way, he bounced headlong into a trap, which caught him by the leg, and there he was obliged to remain all night. In the morning came a giant to look after his traps, and finding Bob, he took him home to his children.

"Here," he said, "is something for you to play with. Get him something to eat and drink, and then you can put him in the cage that you had for the other little boy that died."

You may imagine that Bob had not much appetite for dinner after that; and after trying in vain to make him eat, the young giants and gnomes brought out a cage, for all the world like our bird-cages, only larger, and putting Bob in it, set him out on the steps. But when they were all gone to supper, Bob managed to cut through one of the bars of his cage with the knife that he always carried in his pocket, and slipping out, made good his escape.

He was now almost home; but he had yet to cross a brook. He pulled out his shoes and stockings, and putting them in his pocket, started to wade across; but as his ill-fortune would have it, the brook-goblins spied him, and one putting up a slimy hand, caught at his ankles, and another slipped a stone from under his foot, and down he fell into the water, that soured him over his ears, laughing at him the while. He was now in a very piteous plight, and hardly able to make

his way home, which he did with much trouble. On getting there, his first thought was, of course, to warm himself, and bustling up to the fire, he had very nearly stepped on a hearth-fairy, about as large as a match, that was sitting by it.

"Stupid thing!" she said, in a rage. "I have a mind to turn you into a cat, to teach you to go about quietly." At that Bob began to cry. "Oh dear! I wish I was back in the times when there were no fairies, and I wasn't continually stepping on goblins' toes and getting into traps."

"Very good," said the fairy; "go back, then," and in an instant there he was nodding over his book in the twilight, and he has never seen a fairy or a giant since.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

BY P. A. DUNBAR.

The Squire gave Widow Nancy and her two daughters a peck of his round, red apples. Smooth-checked, splendid apples they were; and, sitting about the fire, the widow divided them equally, and they promised themselves a feast. Just then came a knock at the door.

"Do you go, Lucy," said Rhoda, the eldest. "I'll stir, I shall split all these apples out of my lap. I wonder what people always come for when you don't want them."

Lucy put her apples out of her lap on the table, and opened the door. There was a tiny old woman, very withered, in a brown cloak and hood.

"Rest and save you," said the old woman. "Let a poor creature in that is almost frozen to death."

Lucy opened the door wide, and the old woman hobbled in and sat down in Lucy's chair, warming her hands by the fire. And seeing Lucy's apples on the table, "That is just what I want," said she. "I have not tasted an apple this year." And, pulling the table towards her, she began to eat.

"What impudence!" said Widow Nancy and Rhoda.

"Hush!" said Lucy. "She is almost starved. She can have them."

Just then came a second knock. "Oh," said the old woman, "it must be one of my little family. The poor children are almost starved."

Lucy hurried to open the door, and, without a word, darted in another little old woman, but very much smaller than the first.

"Come here, child," said the first old woman. "Here is a fire, and some nice red apples."

So there sat the two by the fire, munching and crunching at Lucy's apples.

"It is not very pleasant," said Lucy to herself; "but they looked nearly starved, and I can spare them the apples."

At that moment she heard a third knock. The old woman said precisely the same thing as before; and almost before Lucy could get the door fairly open, jumped in a third little old woman still smaller than the other two.

"Come here, mother's darling baby," said the first old woman, taking the new comer in her lap. So there they all sat, one little old woman holding another tiny little old woman, and a second one beside her, eating at Lucy's nice red apples, till there was not one left.

As soon as the apples were gone, they all got up, and marched out, without a word, leaving poor Lucy staring.

"Well, you are the queen of sillies," said her mother; "and to punish you for your stupidity, you shall not have a single apple of mine. Learn, another time, to look sharp after what you have."

"And you shall have none of mine," echoed her sister Rhoda. "You are too silly."

"She will not need your apples," said the first old woman, who had come back after her staff, "or be sorry for her kindness of heart. After this, whenever she comes her hair, she shall comb sunbeams from it."

"Likely enough," said Widow Nancy. "And even if it does happen, I can't see what good it will do her."

The next morning, however, as she began to comb and brush her long hair, it was full of light; and, as she brushed, all the room and the cottage was full of the warm, lovely light.

"I should not like to be different from other people," said Rhoda. "If I were you, I should be ashamed to brush my hair before people."

Lucy, however, loved the little sunbeams; and every morning she used to say, as she sat brushing her hair, "Are you there, little sunbeams? Are you there, dear sunbeams?"

There was a very kind-hearted, and she used to go to the dark, stifling rooms of the poor and sick people, and brush out her hair, and fill their houses with sunlight; and so many flowers, and breezes, and houses, and people came to know and love her, that at last they heard about her at court.

So, one day, there came riding up a messenger from the king.

"Is there a girl here who brushes sunbeams out of her hair?" asked the messenger.

"There," said Rhoda to Lucy, "I always told you no good would come of it. You see they have heard of you at court, and they are going to hang you for a witch!" Then she said to the messenger, "Yes, this is the girl. It is not me. I would not do such a thing for the world."

"That is so much the worse for you," said the messenger. "The king has a room full of treasure, through which blows continually such a current of air, that every light is instantly extinguished; and as the room is very large and perfectly dark, no one has been able to get the treasure. But if she can brush out sunbeams from her hair and fill the room with light, the king has promised her a quarter of the treasure."

On hearing that, Lucy went with the man at once, and, coming to the great dark room, she let down her hair and began to brush it, saying softly, "Little sunbeams, are you there? Dear sunbeams, are you there?"

And, presently, a little light showed on the wall, and then a dozen little sunbeams twinkled on the floor, and at last the great room was as light as day, and the king's men took out all the treasure. The king fulfilled his promise, and gave a quarter of it to Lucy, and made her one of the principal ladies at court.

Lucy shared the treasure with her mother and sister; and Rhoda resolved, if any more old women came to the house, to give them the best of what she had; but though she watched often, the old woman never came again.

THE OLD LETTER.

BY HELLER BREWER.

"It's only a nasty letter. Worn and yellow with age. But the years like a scowl roll backward. As I gaze on its well worn page."

And in it a poor dead lover. His beauty long since fled. Only a withered roush. Faded, emotion and dead.

Only a bit of paper. Yet I see, through blinding tears. In its mostly faded phantom. The ghost of vanished years.

Down through the sounding chambers it waves a shadowy hand. And I may not know but follow To memory's silent land.

And on through the misty arches. Thick with the dead of years. I follow the ghostly beckon. Through blither, blinding tears.

To memory's shadowy chambers. Where the ghosts of the past lie hid—(Those that are ever restless—Under a coffin lid.)

Here are dear dead hopes and pleasures. That perished as with a sigh. Here are phantom, dark and ghostly. Hidden away from sight.

They are coming now around me. With slow and solemn tread. The ghosts of the years departed. My forgotten dead.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR, THE MAID OF CAWNPUR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY OPHELIA R. CHARNOCK.

(This serial was commenced in No. 5, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was scarcely dark when the Snake-Charmer made his appearance. He came so stealthily that Cora neither saw nor heard him, until he placed his foot upon the ladder, and shortly after thrust his head through the opening. She saw that he carried something in his hands, but could not make out precisely what it was.

"Follow me," he said, in his sinister way. "The time has come."

Reaching the lower floor, Dowlah paused and took from the bundle a large faded yellow turban, which he proceeded to bind dextrously and ingeniously around the head of Cora. Then he shook out a thin, light-colored cloak, which he secured, after a peculiar fashion, over her shoulders.

"Now," said he, with his tigerish smile, looking down in her face, "you are a Mahatta woman, following your husband to camp. Your head is covered so that the color of your hair cannot be seen; but hold, your skin is too white."

The girl could not forbear a smile, as the man crouched a small phial from beneath his coat, and moistening his finger with its contents, carefully passed it over her features, gently rubbing the forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, and telling her to hold her eyes closed for several minutes while he detained the lids. When this was completed he did the same with her hands; and although the young lady had no mirror, by which to contemplate her appearance, she had no doubt that her complexion was of the legitimate native swarthiness, and that it would require more than a superficial glance to detect the counterfeit.

During this process there was no appearance of sentimentality about the Sepoy. He went about it as a matter of business, acting in the presence of the beautiful Cora as if he were dealing with some embrowned soldier who was entitled to no deference or delicacy at his hands.

Comprehending that he was taking all these precautions and assuming all this risk for her sake, but for that of Captain Livingston's, the subject did not burst forth into any coherent expressions of gratitude, but with her woman's tact, treated him accordingly.

"Dowlah, my friend," she said, as he was engaged in dyeing her hands, "where did you see Captain Livingston last?"

"In Calcutta; some bad men were beating me, and would have killed me had he not interfered. He wished me to follow you to Cawnpur. I did it for his sake. He went to Cawnpur, and knows the danger in which you stand."

"Do you think I shall be spared to meet him again?" she asked.

"I think you will."

There was something in the confidence with which the Snake-Charmer uttered these words, that inspired hope in the heart of the fair fugitive.

"Now," he added, when their preparations were completed, "it is little you have to do, but that little is the hardest thing in the world for you sex."

"What is that?"

"To keep from speaking."

Dowlah had some sense of the humorous, for he actually laughed, at his own witicism. It was a hearty silent laugh that revealed his gleaming white teeth.

"You must carry your head bowed, when passing near others, and they will think you have a great sorrow, and will not be apt to speak to you; but if they do, act as though you heard them not."

"I will show you how easy such a task will be for me."

"Then we will go."

He turned abruptly upon his heel, and passed to the outside. Cora following close after him with a feeling of fear yet not unmixed with physical enjoyment, after remaining in the cramped position enforced by her stay in the cabin.

They had scarcely reached the highway when two men stopped Dowlah and addressed him. He replied in his own tongue, and after a few questions and answers, and a glance at the woman, who never once raised her eyes from the ground, they passed on.

"You did well," said her guide, in a low voice, after they had advanced a little further. "do the same till told differently, and all will come as I promised you."

The night, like the previous one, was illumined by a full moon, and Cora, by using her eyes with judgment, was enabled to see a great deal more than would have been imposed. They had gone but a short distance when she saw they were in the immediate vicinity of Cawnpur. Instead of entering the town, however,

they made a circuit around the lower end. The native soldiers seemed to be everywhere, and they were stopped at least a dozen times before they came to the Ganges; but the Snake-Charmer proved that he certainly possessed special privileges in the army of Nana Sahib.

In every case he gave what was undoubtedly the countermand, and when the presence of his companion caused further questioning, he produced some document that never failed to secure them unmolested passage to whatever point they desired to go.

Upon the banks of the broad, rapidly-flowing Ganges, a few minutes were spent in finding a waterman, whose lusty arms impelled them to the other side. Here they found themselves among the hordes of Sepoys, numbering several thousands, who had surrounded the little band of Europeans, so bravely fighting their lives for the last few days.

The fear of Cora failed when she found herself in this terrible position, and she could not believe that her guide had the power to conduct her through such an array of dark, treacherous fiends; but Dowlah showed that he understood the position thoroughly. He had approached at a point where the number of Sepoys were less than at any other, and here he played his part with a coolness and self-possession that insured success.

The fact was, the gloom of water that he carried with him bore the signature of Nana Sahib himself, insuring all to pass him without question through the lines. This was enough, but as there was no reference to a female companion, there were some officers who showed a disposition to question the safe conduct of two persons, under the pass of one; but the address of the Snake-Charmer rose to the occasion, and in less than two hours from the time he left the Ganges, he was within a hundred yards of the English entrenchments.

The action of Dowlah at this point indicated that he was expected, not only by the sentinels of the Sepoys, but by those of General Wheeler, and it would have been hard for an intelligent person watching his movements to explain them all.

With an assumption of dignity and importance that would have become Nana Sahib himself, he strode along, keeping the silent and bowed head close to him, and warning her once or twice to permit, under no consideration, a syllable to escape her. Now and then, when her neck ached from the restraint, she ventured to raise her head somewhat and to glance hastily around. At such times she saw men everywhere—dark, swarthy faces in every imaginable position—sleeping, quivering, smoking, chatting, walking about. Here and there were tents, occupied mainly by the officers; at other places cannon were observed in position, with their gaping mouths pointing towards the entrenchments, and near them, upon the ground, lay the tired bullocks that were used to drag them from one place to another, contentedly chewing their cud. Few horses were visible. Although the natives possessed quite a number, but occasionally the mantling form of an elephant was to be seen. It was the hour when by general consent there was a cessation of firing, preparatory to the work of the night, so that Cora ran no risk from being struck by the balls that were most of the time flying in every direction.

It is probable that the natives supposed the female following Dowlah was a messenger from the Nana, who was being conducted to the other side for the purpose of carrying some word to General Wheeler. At any rate, the continued forward without any serious interruption for nearly an hour, crossing an open plain and climbing with some difficulty an elevation. The Snake-Charmer turned to his charge and said: "You are now within the entrenchments of Cawnpur!"

CHAPTER XII.

"It shall come in empire's grasp. Harming temples, ramping thrones: Then, ambition, run thy last; Earth to earth, dust to dust!" —Cory.

The scene upon which Cora Wilton looked as she entered the entrenchments of Cawnpur was enough to strike dumb and dread to the stoutest heart. The moon was far up in the sky, undimmed by a single cloud, so that quite an extended view of the interior of the entrenchments was afforded.

As has been stated in another place, the military station at Cawnpur was built upon a dead level, and ill adapted in every respect for defense.

General Wheeler had selected an unfinished detached building near the middle of the parade ground, originally intended for a military hospital, having on its northwest side a range of other buildings, and on the northeast a church, also yet unfinished. These different edifices were connected by breastworks, and the whole were surrounded by an entrenchment. Here, for over three weeks, the little handful of Europeans held out against a force a dozen times their own.

As the young lady stood beside her guide and looked about her, she saw the great rents in the different buildings where they had been torn by shot and shell, and here and there were piles of rubbish and debris created by the same means. The air was excessively hot, and a close, suffocating, horrible odor, such as comes from dead, wounded, decaying and perishing bodies, filled the air.

A gentle breeze was blowing, else the situation would have been unbearable. Men, women, children, and all within the entrenchments, were completely exhausted by fatigue and heat, and during the lull in the fighting were stretched out in any place that could offer them temporary rest.

On the 7th of June the Nana increased the number of his available guns, several of which were twenty-four pounders, and all were manned by skillful artillerymen. The shots, in many cases, were fired with such precision as to bring down whole pillars of the verandahs, and penetrated the walls of the hospital barracks. The single well-situated in almost the exact centre of the entrenchment, around which the fire was so sharp that it could only be approached during the night, when there was a lull in the firing. In less than a week all the cattle and sheep within the defenses had been shot by the Sepoys, whose infantry took possession of the bungalows, compound walls and outbuildings nearest the camp. The church, which was fired more than once, proved exceedingly annoying to the defenders, as also did the unfinished European barracks. The natives kept continually encroaching upon the latter, but their purpose was invariably defeated through the watchfulness and bravery of Captain Moore, of the

Thirty-second Foot, who, although badly wounded in one of his arms, never gave himself the least rest. He placed himself with eye-glasses, upon the top of the unfinished barracks, from which every movement of the enemy could be seen, and whenever there appeared any danger he dashed out, one arm in a sling, while he grasped a revolver in the other, and with a score of twenty spirits as daring as himself was not long in driving the rebels back from the dangerous position they were seeking so hard to gain.

Captain Moore repeated this exploit again and again; and on two occasions, favored by the darkness of the night, he led twenty-five of his comrades out of the entrenchments and spiked the nearest guns of the enemy.

After the first week there was a cessation in the artillery fire of General Wheeler, who saw that he was wasting the most of his ammunition, as the rebels kept well under shelter, and little execution was done. In the afternoon of the 14th, the heat was excessive.

All this time the heat was excessive. The cloudless sun shone upon them at midday with pitiless power, and the sultry nights brought scarcely any comfort to the miserable defenders, who drank inordinate quantities of the water, which was then easily obtainable. The distress and discomfort of the people became so great that within a few days many men and children died of thirst, suffering, and a number of officers and soldiers were smothered from exposure to a peculiar hot wind that swept over the entrenchments and produced many fatal cases of apoplexy. The only time and manner of burying the dead was at night and by means of throwing the bodies into a well outside the entrenchments, near the incomplete barracks.

The living could offer no consolation to the dying nor to each other. The bodies of those killed through the day were placed outside the verandahs among the ruins, to remain festering in the sun until the fatigue party went out at night to cast them into the well.

The Sepoys proved how well they had been trained by their European officers. They manned their guns well, and seemed to understand, from the first, all the weak points in the defenses. In the course of a week they began firing hot shot with the purpose of firing the tents of the officers in the compound and the thatched barracks, which had been so hastily covered with tiles, that it was not proof against fire. This compelled the striking of the tents, after several had been burnt, and in the afternoon of June 18th, the barracks took fire from the hot shells.

A scene of distress and anguish followed. All the wounded and sick were in it, besides the families of the soldiers and drummers. The fire caught upon the south side, and fanned by a strong breeze, spread with such rapidity, that only with the greatest difficulty were the women and children removed. Over forty sick and wounded were left behind, and every one burned to death.

The terrible fate of these after all, was a merciful one, for had they escaped it would have been only to drag on through days of suffering and torture, with a dreary, painful death at the end; but the scene was none the less horrible, and struck terror into the hearts of all who were compelled to witness without the power to avert it. The most serious result of this deplorable catastrophe was the burning of the stock of medicine, only a couple of boxes of surgical instruments and a small chest of drugs being saved. This latter was used up in a short time, and none then could be obtained for those who were stricken down with sickness.

At this time the forces of Nana Sahib numbered about four thousand, and was steadily reinforced from the surrounding country, until it was believed that they were powerful enough to take the place by storm.

Had the Sepoys possessed an ordinary amount of daring, there is no question but what this could have been done.

The defenders although small in numbers, were each provided with half a dozen muskets, always standing against the wall, within easy reach, besides a number of extra swords and bayonets. The Sepoys made several movements towards a charge, but in each case the murderous fire of the artillery broke their ranks, and caused them to scatter in confusion.

As a consequence, and as preliminary to a final assault, they directed their cannon against Wheeler's guns, in the hope of silencing them. They trained their own so well, that out of eight belonging to the English, six were disabled; but the calamity was concealed so well that the Sepoys did not suspect the damage which had been inflicted.

On the morning of the 21st, a motley multitude gathered in front of the entrenchments; their costumes were of every description, it being the practice of the regular corps of infantry never to fight in full dress, and a large number of the Hindu soldiers had joined them.

It was their purpose to make the final and decisive attack on this day. The newly appointed subahdar-major, the 1st native infantry having sworn upon the Ganges to capture the English or die in the attempt.

Large bales of cotton were placed in front of the entrenchments, and crouching behind them, they were shoved carefully along toward the entrenchments, the assailants continually firing, and sheltering themselves from the return fire of the defenders; while this attack was being made, the Sepoys were to move from the church, the three new barracks were filled with half a thousand men, who did their utmost to drive out the English.

At this critical juncture, Captain Moore appeared with his revolver in one hand, and his wounded arm in a sling hanging from his neck.

Arranging with the battery to send grape from the southwest corner, he took twenty-five men from the entrenchments, and advancing under cover of No. 5 battery, he sent a number of volleys, then rushing behind No. 4 battery he succeeded in driving all the mutineers out of Nos. 1 and 2, where a few rounds of canister routed them, killing nearly forty of their number.

While this was going on, a hundred of their comrades, under cover of the cotton bales, had approached within a hundred yards of the entrenchment, and with a shout, the insurgents in the rear leaped off the compound walls and charged forward, led by the subahdar-major, who had sworn so solemnly that on this day all the defenders should die.

The first volley of musketry killed him and a number of others, and a few rounds of canister quickly caused the whole force to break and scatter in confusion. About the same time an

attack upon the northeast corner of the entrenchment was also frustrated.

At noon one of the ammunition wagons in this part of the defenses was struck by several hot shot, and while it was in flames the batteries from the artillery barracks and the tank directed all their guns toward it. Nearly every artilleryman was killed or wounded, the soldiers were exhausted, and the destruction of all the other wagons seemed inevitable.

In this desperate emergency, Lieutenant DeLafosse, of the 53d native infantry, ran forward, and crawling under the burning wagon, tore away all the splinters and loose portions upon which he could lay his hands, and threw earth upon the blaze. Two soldiers soon joined him with buckets of water, and amid the terrific cannonade the fire was extinguished.

By this time the barracks were so torn and riddled as scarcely to afford the least shelter, yet the greater number preferred to remain here rather than expose themselves to the ferocious rays of the sun on the outside. Many dug holes under the walls of the entrenchments, and covered themselves with boxes, cots, and whatever would keep off the deadly sunlight. In these holes numbers died from apoplexy and the effects of the heat, and as the shells fell unrelentingly throughout the day and the greater portion of the night, there seemed to be lacking no element to make the situation of the brave defenders of Cawnpur as distressing as it is possible for mind to conceive.

The stench from the dead bodies of horses and animals that could not be removed, the swarms of houseflies that were everywhere, the difficulty of cooking food, the sweltering heat, united with the greater terror of capture, caused many to pray that they might be struck to some of the flying balls, and their miseries ended at once.

Quite a number professed to believe that they could find greater security in the town of Cawnpur, and they left the entrenchments for the purpose of going into the city. Every one who made the attempt was captured and killed by the mutineers.

This matter stood upon the 22d of June, 1857, when on the evening of this day Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer, conducted Cora Wilson into the entrenchments around Cawnpur.

CHAPTER XIII.

By starlight and moonlight He seeks the British camp: He hears the rattling flag: And the armed sentry's tramp: And the starlight and moonlight He sees the watchtowers' lamp. —Fitch.

and one sinking and the other swimming. I have heard of the like; and if you haven't, you may, Master Greyson; and with that I'll wish you good night."

So saying, he stalked away out into the shadowy plantation, where, maybe, each bush he passed rose up before him with the ghastly outline and accusing eyes of the unfortunate man who sleeps so quietly under Lansdown Point.

A soubre silence fell on the group after he was gone. Old Mark was the first to break it by a little forced laugh. "The fellow threatens well," he said; "but the barking dogs don't bite. Barton, look out; there is some one coming."

"Where from?"

"From the wood."

Every eye was turned in that direction, and each man hushed his breath, and became suddenly as motionless as a figure turned to stone.

The new comer advanced boldly. He came into the very midst of them, and then old Mark recognized Herbert Benson.

Still he did not speak, fearful of betraying his identity, but remained with his head bent down, and his handkerchief before his face.

There was another minute of this intense silence, and then Herbert said, gravely, and with evident reluctance:

"Mark, I want to become one of you."

Mark, put off his guard by the raucousness of the joke, burst into a hearty laugh.

"Hess me, Master Herbert, that's a fine notion, too?"

"I am quite in earnest. I wish to join your band."

"Stop, Master Herbert—what for?"

Herbert choked down something very like a sob. "Because it is necessary."

"Necessary you should become a poacher?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

The old man seemed fairly puzzled.

"I can't understand you, Master Herbert; and, though I don't believe as poaching is much harm, you have no business here."

"I will take any oath you require."

"We don't take no oath; it's just amongst ourselves, you see; and those we can't trust, we must get rid of."

"You can trust me," was Herbert's reply, in a grave, sorrowful voice; "and, moreover, I fancy you will find me a valuable ally, for I mean to beg, as a particular favor, that I may go first when the danger is in front, and last when the danger is behind."

"Are you tired of your life, then?"

Old Mark was silent, reflecting.

"It's odd, too. You never had such a fancy as that before."

"No."

"And what would Mr. Benson say?"

"I don't mean to ask him."

"But he may find out."

"That I expect," answered Herbert, with a peculiar smile the dim light failed to show.

"And you mean to brave his anger?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you over venturesome, Master Herbert?"

"I shouldn't expect you to blame me if I were."

"Look here, Master Herbert, we're rough and unlettered, all of us, and what we do isn't of much account; but you are different."

"Why am I different?"

"Because you've had the education of a gentleman, and know what's what."

"All you say only makes me more determined."

"Then you have quite made up your mind?"

"Quite."

"Well, we'll put it to the vote, mates. Who objects to Master Herbert Benson as one of us?"

"I object to Master Herbert Benson," said Barton, sturdily. "But I have no objection to Herbert Benson. If we are mates, let us be mates."

Herbert winced a little. He had been above these men before; now he was about to sink to their level. No wonder that he felt, for a minute, as if the sacrifice he demanded of himself were almost impossible.

"Oh, Milly," he said, in his secret heart, with a wild vision of regret, "if you only knew! It is so easy to be honest; so terribly hard to be a rogue!"

Old Mark's voice broke in upon his reverie, abruptly.

"Look here," he said; "if you are making up your mind to this in a hurry, out of spite, or any other feeling, my advice to you is to think it over a bit before you decide. Perhaps things may come right where they were wrong, and then you'd be sorry you hadn't waited."

"No, I'd rather join you to-night."

"Very well, then," replied Old Mark, abruptly; "don't let us stand parleying any longer. Let us start."

"Where are we going?"

"Through Lansdown Wood first."

"Do you think the keepers are out?"

"Barton says so, but I have heard no sign."

"If you will keep back, now, I will show you how it is done. Master Herbert," he added, "I have heard that there isn't a man in the Lansdown clearing that kind of thing than I am. We ought to have a pretty bag before dawn. Nat's laid a good lot of snares in the wood, and it's a-swarming alive with game. Mr. Carthen has gone a courting, and doesn't meddle much with the pheasants and hares."

"All the better for us," said Barton.

"Ay; only we must make hay whilst the sun shines. After courting comes matrimony, and then the Squire won't humor us so much, you may be sure."

Herbert was to have had the post of honor at old Mark's side; but somehow he lingered a little in his reluctance to the enterprise, and found himself last.

The shadowy procession, silent as the grave now, passed into the wood, and the pressure of their feet on the rotten leaves and ferns underfoot sent a rustle as of a sharp wind through the gloom.

Herbert paused one minute under a giant elm, and as he passed, a strange figure, lying along one of the branches, swooped down like some bird of prey over its victim, and a long, bony hand clutched at his throat eagerly.

Old Mark, looking back, missed him, and sent a soft whisper down the ranks:

"Where is Master Herbert?"

"Coming," said Herbert; and with one stride he was out of reach of the evil hand, which, having missed its prey, moved in the air vaguely for a minute, and drew back, baffled.

But, absorbed in his own sorrowful thoughts, Herbert did not even guess that old Mark's whisper had stood between him and certain death.

CHAPTER XX.

TREACHERY.

Lady Clementina was one of those women who, if never tempted, make very respectable members of society, and are even regarded, by those who look on the surface only, as of average goodness and amiability. In reality, she had a hard heart, and cruel, unscrupulous nature; but, as Lady Clementina Dacre, she never yet had any of those trials which demonstrate the existence of those bad qualities, and might have gone down to her grave honored if not beloved, had it not been for the fatal passion Mr. Carthen had excited in her breast.

To see Lina, whom she regarded as an insignificant school girl, preferred to herself, to know that her love was known and commented on in her own family, seemed to rouse all the evil passions that had hitherto lain dormant, and convert the cold, placid, haughty Clementina into a perfect fury. Often, when the rest of the household were sleeping quietly, she, in past days the first to retire, would be pacing her room up and down, up and down, until the gray dawn stole in through the lace curtains, making the pallid face yet more pallid, and giving the heavy eyes an expression of more intense weariness.

And Lady Clementina began to alter sadly.

She was conscious of this herself—how could she help being? She began to look haggard, even old; and Lord Dacre would wonder, often to her face, what could have brought this change.

"It is nothing," Lady Clementina would say, always avoiding Lina's tender glances of inquiry, and steeling herself against the advances the poor child timidly tried to make.

Day by day the alteration grew more perceptible. Lady Clementina's very lips had lost their color, and her figure had wasted so terribly, that Wilfred declared it was like an hour-glass, and begged her not to stoop lest she should break in two.

The young man meant nothing by this mockery, but Lady Clementina treasured up every jest, that she might repeat them when he was in trouble himself, as she hoped he would be before long.

Once, when Wilfred stole out in the evening, and hurried down to the farm, in the hopes of seeing Milly, Lady Clementina was behind him; and, having satisfied herself where he was gone, crept home again in triumph. If she had waited, she would have known that poor Wilfred, infatuated now, had only gone to see the light in Milly's window, and, maybe, if he were fortunate, her slender shadow on the blind. She never expected that Wilfred, passionate and impetuous by nature, would be satisfied with so little; and she pictured them in the midst of a very tender scene as she went home.

Her brain was full of schemes of vengeance. Should she go at once and warn Lord Dacre, and write an anonymous note to Herbert Benson? No; rather wait until there was more to tell—until her vengeance would fall sharper and clearer. She would have patience here—

But Lina? She heard her voice as she entered, singing one of the simple ballads Mr. Carthen loved; and she knew, by instinct, that he was there, listening and watching the singer's face with those deep, loving eyes of his, which told his secret so plainly.

"Oh, if I had but Samson's strength," she thought to herself. "If I might go in there, and holding the pillars that support the roof above their heads, drag it down upon them, and crush them as they sit fawning into each other's eyes, how willingly would I perish too, for the sake of vengeance! Her voice sickens me; I dare not trust myself by them until she has done. I sing a thousand times better than she does, and yet he never cares to listen to me."

Arrived in her own chamber, Lady Clementina repaired the disorder of her toilette, and was thankful to see that her hurried walk had brought a beautiful bloom to her cheek and a brightness to her heavy eyes.

She placed a crimson rose among the masses of her black hair, and went down, conscious of looking her best, and anxious that Mr. Carthen should notice it, too.

Lina had done singing now, and was sitting at the centre table, turning over a book of prints. Lord and Lady Dacre were playing piquet. Mr. Carthen, close at Lina's elbow, looked over the page with her; and his hand, in turning the leaves, lingered near her's, and once pressed gently the slender fingers, which trembled a little, but did not move.

Lady Clementina's jealous eyes saw all this; they also saw that although Mr. Carthen rose courteously as she approached, and offered her his chair, his glance was never once lifted to her face. She sat down where he had sat. Mr. Carthen, on pretence of finding another chair, got round to the other side, and there stayed. The action was natural enough. He preferred to be at Lina's side rather than her's, and there certainly could be no harm in gratifying this fancy.

but to Lady Clementina, watchful and on the alert, this seemed like an insult. She bowed her head on her bosom, speechless with sorrow and rage. When she looked up again, Mr. Carthen and Lina were again bending over the prints together, as absorbed in each other as if they had forgotten her very existence.

The bitterness in her heart rose to Lady Clementina's lips.

"Lina," she said, sharply; "that book is mine, and you know I value it!"

At this, an impatient and discourteous Mr. Carthen, Lina turned and looked at her sister in pained surprise; but Mr. Carthen was the one to speak.

"Lady Clementina, it was entirely my fault; I opened the book and invited Lina to come and look at it with me."

"You have forgotten her title, I fancy," dropped scornfully from Lady Clementina's lips.

"I presumed on our long intimacy, you see," said Lady Lina, say to the amendment.

"That it is no amendment at all," replied the girl. "When old friends are so scrupulous, I always fancy I must have hurt or offended them."

"You never could do that."

Unconsciously, his tone was significant, and his glance fell upon Lady Clementina, and in her bitterness Lady Clementina was actually undignified.

The room's door, Mr. Carthen thought, "but why I cannot tell. It is not possible that she should be so jealous of Lina's conquest, and yet I can think of no other reason for her sudden animosity. Fortunately, Lina will not allow herself to be set against me; otherwise, I should be inclined to think that my cause was in danger."

He shut the book of prints and handed it to Lady Clementina, with a little bow that was full of suppressed disdain.

Lady Clementina colored to her brow.

"I did not mean that," she stammered; "only Lina—"

"I told you it was entirely my fault," Lady Clementina.

"You did not know—"

"I imagined, of course, that it was put on the table for any one to look at who chose; and as Lady Lina and myself were anxious not to disturb Lord and Lady Dacre in the middle of their game, we came here."

"I should have thought the singing would have disturbed them more than anything."

"They were kind enough to say it did not. Lord Dacre even asked for one song more; although that might have been out of regard for my feelings, knowing that I wished for it."

"You would believe that they were very modest, sir."

"Your ladyship misunderstands me," he replied, with an affectation of formality to match her. "You know my natural character too well to make any pretence of this kind worth while."

"I cannot say that I have studied it sufficiently to be a judge."

"I never flattered myself that you had, but, being a very transparent individual, I thought it probable that I might have betrayed myself unconsciously, even to indifferent eyes. I do not pretend to be learned, Lady Clementina; I am just clever enough to know my own ignorance."

"But not clever enough," she answered, softly and delicately, "to know where real happiness is to be found."

At this direct appeal, Lady Clementina felt the hot blood tingling to her very finger-ends; and yet the lips that framed her softly whispered words were as white as death.

"I could tell you, but you would not heed."

"Perhaps not. I should mistrust any one's interference in a matter of this kind."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, you would say."

"No; ignorance is not bliss—at least, not to my mind."

"One would think so."

"I wish you would explain your meaning, Lady Clementina," said Mr. Carthen, gravely; "I am not at all fond of being puzzled."

Lady Lina had strolled away toward the piano, and pretended to be examining some music. She had, however, secret now, and had resolved that, if it were necessary, she would sacrifice her own happiness entirely to give her peace.

She thought to propitiate her sister at this minute by leaving her alone with Mr. Carthen. She guessed the meaning of her latter words, and understood that her presence in the drawing room was an offence in itself.

It seemed hard that she must resign Mr. Carthen to Lina, and her mind dearly loved him with the whole strength of her warm heart.

"I suppose it must be," she thought; "but it is a cruel thing that having, as it were, the whole world to choose from, Clementina should want just the one I want. She will hate me so, too, if I do not give him up. I see how it must be. Even if he will not marry her, she won't expect me to be happy. I begin to wish some one else would marry her."

"Oh, if I had but Samson's strength," she thought to herself. "If I might go in there, and holding the pillars that support the roof above their heads, drag it down upon them, and crush them as they sit fawning into each other's eyes, how willingly would I perish too, for the sake of vengeance! Her voice sickens me; I dare not trust myself by them until she has done. I sing a thousand times better than she does, and yet he never cares to listen to me."

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swiest man in the world might be happy with such a wife."

As he finished speaking, he gave Lady Clementina a swift glance that, in spite of himself, expressed reproach, and rising from his seat, strode away to Lina's side.

"I suppose I mustn't ask you to sing again," he said, bending his tall head that he might the better see the rising blush that was such a sweet and gracious token of his power.

"Oh, no, indeed, thank you. Papa and mamma have finished their game, I see; so, perhaps, you will excuse me. I have a terrible headache, and shall be better in bed. Good night."

She held out her hand, and he allowed himself to press it warmly, little dreaming how long it would be before those tremulous fingers would come again to the clasp of his—how long it would be before Lina could say to him softly, and with flushing cheeks, "Good night."

To Lady Clementina, in passing out, Mr. Carthen simply bowed. No sooner was he gone than, without a word, in a passion of haste, Lady Clementina swept off to her own room.

She dismissed her maid, sharply, and drawing up a writing table to the fire, placed an open letter before her, and began patiently and diligently to copy the characters and style of handwriting.

The letter, which on the mantle-piece tinkled musically seven—twelve—one—two—three, and still Lady Clementina went on with her work.

She seemed satisfied, at last. Taking a clean, white sheet, she wrote a short note, referring, at every word, to the letter spread out above. When it was done, she examined it carefully and critically, and said to herself, with a cruel smile, "That is well. I defy any one to know that the writing is not her's. I think now my vengeance is sure. What is that?"

She gently unlocked the door, and looked out into the long corridor. Wilfred was coming slowly along to his own room. He did not see his sister, but she saw him—the pallid face, contracted brows, and gloomy, stern eyes—and said to herself, with a grim, internal laugh, she closed the door softly, and prepared for bed. "After all, I am not so unlucky as I thought. Let those who were who presume to treat me with ridicule or neglect."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARTIST IN SALADE.

Towards the end of the last century France was not a healthy country for nobles. D'Albignac was seized with a desire to get out of France to live before he was seized with the necessity of staying at home to die. He crossed over to England, and found himself safe but penniless in London. He was one day loitering around a first-class tavern very hungry, and sniffing the rich odors from the kitchen for lunch. A company of gentlemen came in, took the box in which D'Albignac was sitting alone, and ordered dinner. The conversation among the gentlemen turned on salad, and while they bemoaned the incompetency of England to mix a genuine salad, they praised France for her salad-making art. It was the only accomplishment for which they had a good word for France. The people were not worth the valuable space they occupied on earth but for their salad-making. That alone redeemed the revolution-ridden country from utter reprobation. They wished they had a French salad-artist for that dinner. They would be happy. It was D'Albignac's cue. He joined in the conversation, with his peppy French accent, and volunteered to make the party a salad. His offer was gladly accepted. He gave satisfaction to the waiter, and produced a salad and enjoyed a dinner with the gentlemen.

The salad was a great success. Its effect was magnetic, intoxicating. The party were in raptures, and slapped the French artist on the back and wrung his hands with gratitude before dinner was over. During the happy meal D'Albignac told his new found friends how he came to be in London, and how such an artist could be starving. They forced upon him a five-pound note, and hurried away with tears in their eyes and visions of future salads teeming in their imaginations. A powdered footman tracked D'Albignac to his lodgings, and was the lackey of a splendid fortune. The successful artist rejoiced over his little fortune of five pounds, and did not permit the shadow of an inquiry where the next was to come from to darken his present fortune. The next day he received a note, embossed with duels strawberry leaves, begging him to mix a salad in Grosvenor Square, and to name his fee. He went and made a salad that electrified London. It was a revelation to the great party that ate it, and exceedingly profitable to him. He now saw the way out of his financial difficulties. London held a fortune to him, and he took London by the hand and rejoined. He became the one salad artist of the metropolis.

In less than a week he was earning a magnificent income. He was known as "The Fashionable Salad Maker," and had orders every day, which he filled at fashionable terms. He set up a carriage, with a black footman, and made his calls with his usual confidence. When his patronage became so great that he could not attend to it all in person, he applied cases of salad condiments, with instructions, at fabulous prices, and wealth flowed upon him in torrents. He gave lessons in the salad art, and did his best to divulge his secret for a corresponding return of the £ s. d. But there was one thing he could not teach—the mysterious methods of genius. He could not sell the soul of the salad maker, and did not stay in England long enough to inspire a successor. D'Albignac fully retrieved his lost fortune, and when his country's troubles were over, he glided back across the channel.

CHILDREN.—In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best. How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms, and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

THE patter of little feet and the patter of the summer rain are among the sweetest sounds in the world of nature.



Not a glee club—The Policeman's. RESTAURANT establishments.—TREES.

WHEN does a man shave with a silver razor? When he cuts off his hairs with a shilling.

LOVE without money has been cynically compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

"SMOTHERED VENUS" is a California dish, and, in spite of its name, it's only beefsteak and onions.

IN a Montana newspaper appeared the following: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

A MUSICAL critic on West says of a vocalist of vocal celebrity: "She has a magnificent voice for a fog whistle."

A YOUNG man's friends object to his being loose, but somehow they have an equal objection to his becoming tight.

A YOUNG mother says that you may always know an old bachelor by the fact of his always speaking of a baby as "it."

FRENCH-MADE are divided in opinion as to the revival of bonnet-strings, one party wishing to have bows under their chins, while others are content with keeping their bows under their thumbs.

A PORTLAND preacher lately enriched one of his sermons with this jewel: "Remember, I beseech you, that we are sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land in the ocean of eternity."

AT a recent meeting of a society in New York, composed of men from the following motion: "Mr. President, I move that we whitewash the cellar green, in honor of the old dog."

CROSS-EXAMINING a witness, a New York attorney asked, "Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vicious excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a delineation of truth?"

AN OLD MAN and His WIFE, says a Detroit paper, who came by the Central road yesterday morning, saw about thirty hucksters shouting "huck!" at them. The man took it all as a high compliment, and turning to the old lady he said: "I tell you, mother, they think we are something great, or they'd never had all those carriages down here to meet us. I wonder how they knowed we was coming."

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.—I am here. And

